Count Conningſmark's LETTER To the Lady OGLE,

From *FLANDERS*;

Faithfully Tranſlated out of the Original French.

Madam,

DID I not know you are born in a moſt kind forgiving Country, and for your Birth, Beauty, and Divine Goodneſs, of the Nobleſt Extraction in it, I could not have the vanity to hope your Pardon, for were not *England* the moſt Merciful Kingdom in the World, and moſt obliging to Strangers, I could never hope to be forgiven ſo unhuman a Crime; but have taken a gentle Swing with my Noble Friends and Murderers. That I lov'd you is a ſufficient proof, that I could venture ſo far as to be hang'd for you, and ſo well that I wou'd Sacrifice a thouſand Rivals at the ſame rate, were I ſure to meet with the ſame kind uſage.

Madam, My Principles are more Honorable, and I have a greater ſence of a Kindneſs, than to upbraid any for their Civillity, but certainly were it not more their goodneſs than my Innocence, I ſhould have gon the Honorable way of my Accomplices, and a halter put a period to my Paſſion. But hanging goes by Deſtiny not deſert; for had every man his Due, I muſt confeſs I had as juſt a claim to a Rope as the beſt of 'em. Yet (*Madam*) tho I am willing to do my ſelf that juſtice which the World deny'd me in Condemning my ſelf, I would likewiſe do you that Right in cleering you of thoſe Aſperſions which the world has caſt upon you on my behalf.

I have ſent a Challeng to the Lord *M.* and Lord *C.* to meet me in *Flanders*, where I will give them that honourable a tisfaction they demand, without a Piſtel or a Blunderbus.

I reſolve to kill them both or die by it, which I could not do with a ſafe Concience till I had asked you Pardon for my laſt offence, which at this good time I humbly beg, and will ſubmit to whatever penance you will inflict upon me, provided it be not to ſculk Six Days in Tarpolin Breeches,

and

and pay homage to the head of a Conſtables ſtaff, which I dread more than a Legion of Pikes or Canon.

I here ſome Malicious people do accuſe you as privy to the Death of Mr. *Thynne*, and that ſome audacious Libellers have Expos'd you in their Pamphlets as a Procatartick cauſe.

I am ſorry my Reſpects for you ſhould Expoſe you to that unjuſt Cenſure, and to do you Right, I do declare before God and the World, you knew nothing of it, nor was any way ayding, conſenting or abetting in it, but utterly as Innocent and Ignorant of what happen'd on that Account, as he on whom it fell till the fatal blow was given.

Nor was it my leaſt deſign it ſhould ever come to your knowledge, whoſe gentle Nature I know ſo avers from an act ſo Horrid and Barbarous, that I could never Expect your Pardon much leſs your Conſent to ſo foul a Crime.

As for thoſe Vile, baſe and Infamous Libellers, now you are in *England* you have Law and Juſtice on your ſide, proſecute them to the utmoſt ſeverity, or ſend them over to me, I ſhall find more *Uratz* and *Boraskys* that will not ſtick to do us Right on our Enemies, *Gerne Bleu* (*Madam*) were they ſuch as durſt appear bravely in the Feild, and give the ſatisfaction of Gentlemen, I would ſcorn to ſtoop to ſo baſe a Revenge, but he that will affirm with his Tongue what he dare not Juſtifie with his Sword, *Borasky* for that. And were I there, I wou'd not ſtand to ſerve them the ſame Sauce. But I dare not Venture my ſelf over again into *England*, for tho I have not much Reaſon to Complain of their hard Dealing by me, I ſhould be loath to truſt them a ſecond time, I find the moſt Innocent Perſon may be wrongfully accus'd, Sworn out of their dear Lives, and many an honeſter man hath thus lately falen amongſt them. But this I muſt needs ſay in honour of the People and Lawes of *England*, that an Alien or Stranger ſhall find more favour then their own Countrymen, and a Foreign Criminal ſooner acquitted than a Native Innocent. It was my own Caſe, but *Footra* the Whig, my Noble Friends, cleer'd me, and the Laws acquitted me; I only beg you may forgive me, and ſince all other hopes and future pretentions are laid aſide, let me only Intreat this one favour (which is the laſt I ſhall ever beg) that you will allow me at this diſtance to bear the Title of

Your Servant *Conningſmark*.

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